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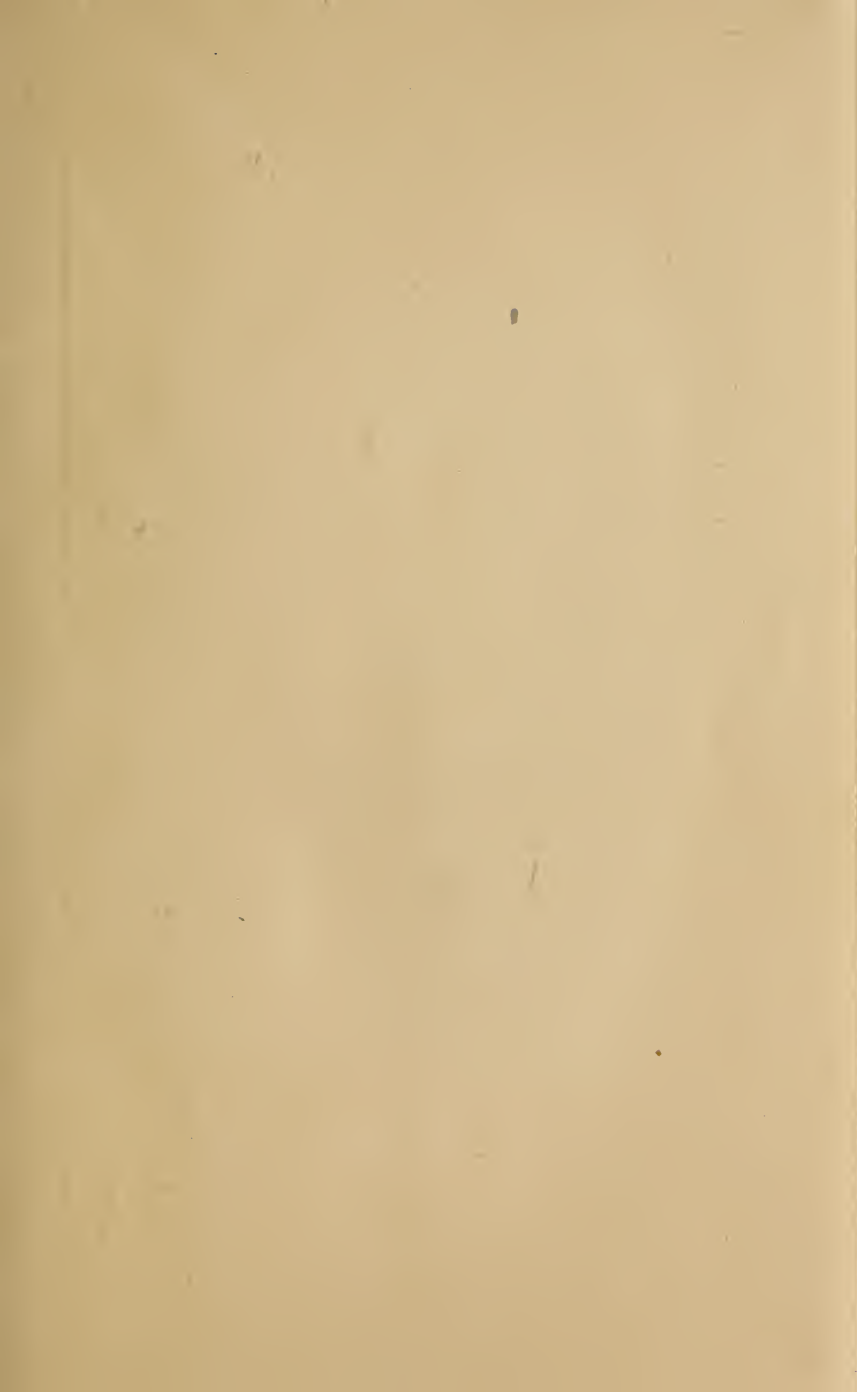
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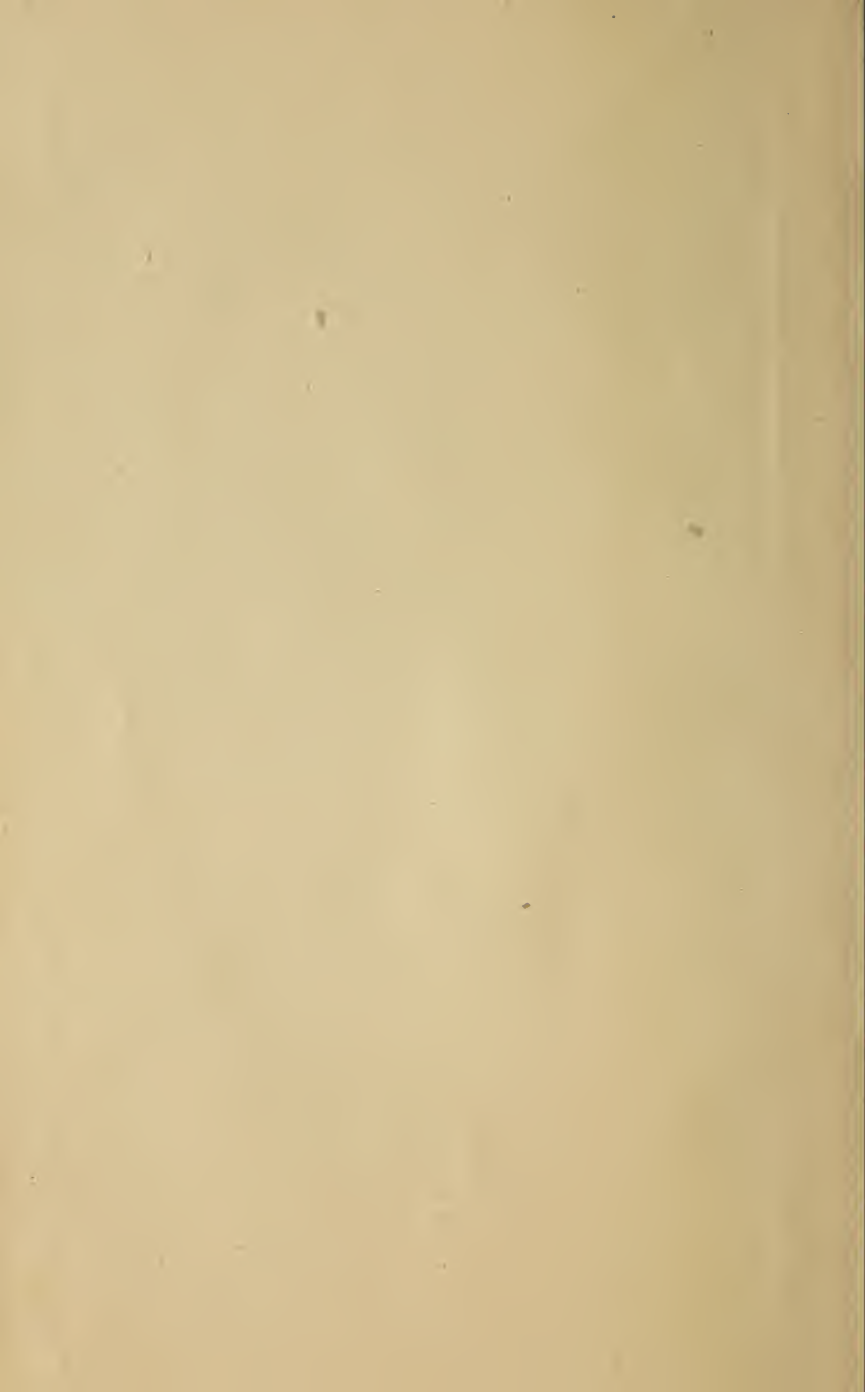
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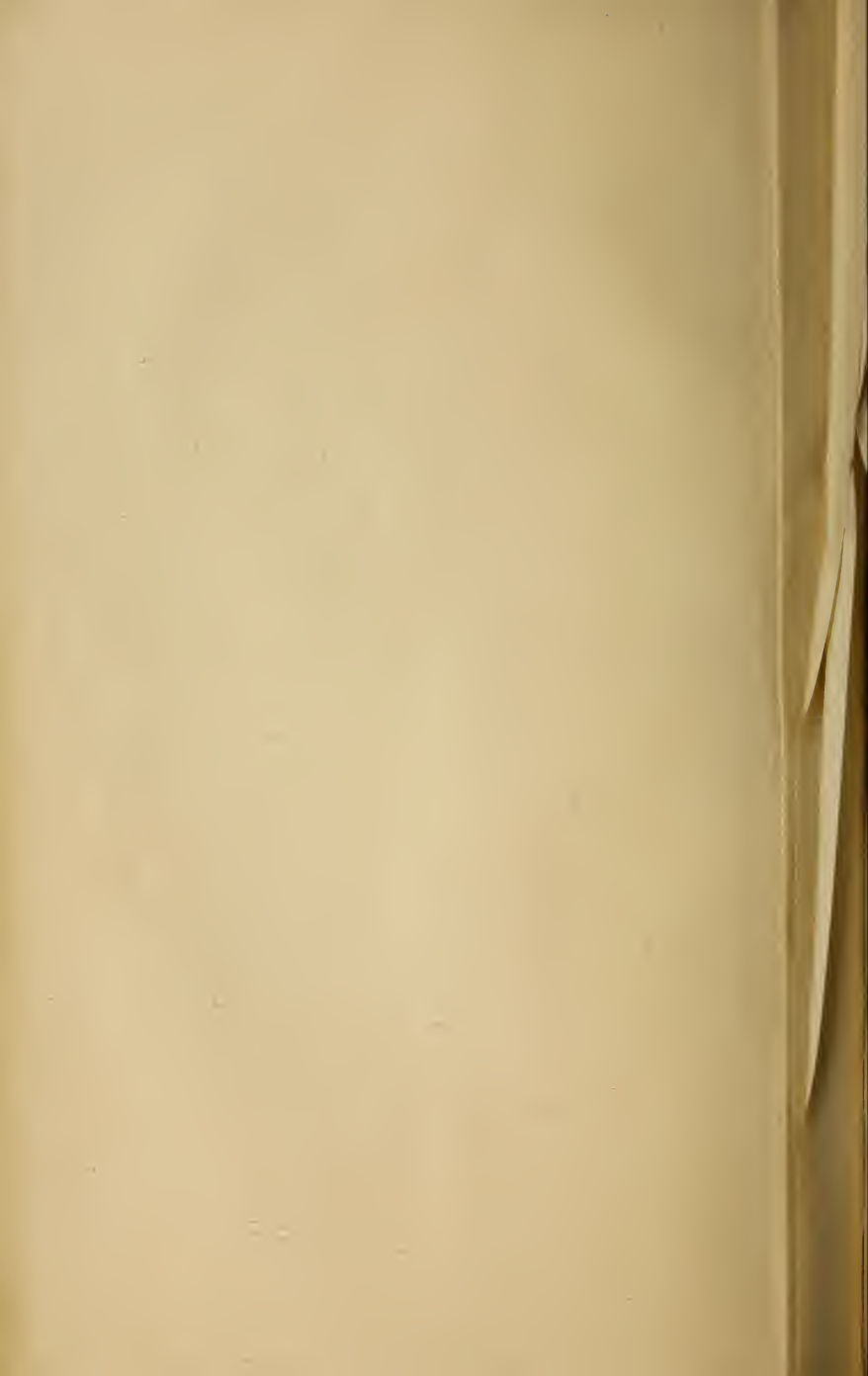


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Book M3 M5







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The Midnight Clutch.

coco. Hold! I say it again and emphatically
Hold!! &c.

Act 1. Scene 1as

Duncombe's Edition.

G. H. Wyatt

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH!

AN ORIGINAL DRAMA,

IN

One Act.

By JOHN MADDISON MORTON, Esq.

Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society,

Author of Poor Pillicoddy, Going to the Derby, Old Honesty, Box and Cox, Done on both sides, Young England, The King and I, My Wife's Second Floor, Wedding Breakfast, The Double Bedded Room, The Milliner's Holiday, The Irish Tiger, Who's the Composer, Who do they take me for, The Attic Story, Brother Ben, Who's my Husband, Thumping Legacy, &c.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK.

To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—

THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES, AND

DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
London Theatres.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING

By Mr. T. Jones, from a Drawing, taken expressly in the Theatre.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY DUNCOMBE AND MOON,
17, HOLBORN BARS.

c1848?

PR 5097
M3 M5

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Pierre Delaroche</i>	Mr. J. Johnstone
<i>Antoine Duval</i>	Mr. H. T. Craven
<i>Coco</i>	Mr. J. Herbert
<i>Adjutant</i>	Mr. Morrison
<i>First Soldier</i>	Mr. Morris
<i>Second Soldier</i>	Mr. Bowen
<i>Third Soldier</i>	Mr. Fredericks
<i>Labarre</i>	Mr. Tindell
<i>Pauline</i>	Miss Fanny Vining
<i>Ninetta</i>	Miss Saunders

First produced at the Marylebone Theatre, Oct. 16, 1848.
Time in Representation—1 hour.

COSTUME.

Pierre, Antoine, Coco, Adjutant, and Soldiers—French uniform of the Revolution of 1795.

Labarre—Knee breeches, grey stockings, old fashioned coat and waistcoat, belt, shoes and buckles.

Pauline—Short over dress with petticoat, shoes, buckles.

Ninetta—Red skirt, short soldier's coat, boots, cap, &c.

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THE MIDNIGHT WATCH

SCENE.

The Platform, or Court of a Fortress. Strong iron railing running across the back of Stage, beyond which is seen part of the Town of Marseilles at L. H., and the sea, with masts of shipping, at R. H. A door at L. H. leading to interior of Prison. A door at R. H. over which is written "Canteen." A door also at 3 E. R. H. A bench close to iron railings, at R. H. Another bench on the Stage. Over each door, and hanging about the Scene, are dimly lighted lamps.

PAULINE, in a coarse prison dress, is seated on bench at back, looking towards the sea. LABARRE on the bench in front, L. H.

Lab. (Counting keys on a large bunch at his side.) Umph! three—six—nine—a dozen, all but one! Why our old fortress of Marseilles hasn't had such a pretty sprinkling of prisoners under its hospitable roof since I've held the honourable post of jailor. Ah, I shall soon have enough of them, poor devils! If what people say is true, that Citizen Barras will arrive this very night, with full powers from the revolutionary tribunal, to take vengeance on the people of Marseilles, for their late revolt. Well, if he does come, he must look out for another jailor, that's all! The fact is, I'm too tender-hearted for my profession—cooping up a parcel of unfortunate devils in dark, narrow dungeons, and serving out their allowance of bread and water. Ugh! Then I'm such an old fool as to speak kindly to them. I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I can't help it. *(Seeing Pauline, and in a very gruff voice.)* Holloa, citizen! *(Pauline pays no attention.)* Citizen! *(Shouting in a louder voice.)*

Pau. (R. Starting, and turning to Labarre.) Sir——

Lab. (L.) It's ten o'clock. Come, it's time you were locked up. *(Shaking bunch of keys.)*

Pau. Already? Oh, grant me a few minutes longer. The night breeze from the sea is so welcome—so refreshing!

Lab. Is it? Well, then, take a good long sniff at it, while I go in, and see your dungeon put in order. (*Going—stops.*) I dare say you think me an execrable old brute—but you see, citizen, when you came here, a month ago, with the last batch of Royalist prisoners, I received particular orders to keep you close under lock and key.

Pau. (R.) And those orders you have but too well obeyed.

Lab. Have I? Then how does it happen that you're walking here now, in the court yard of the fortress?

Pau. True—true Believe me, I am grateful—very grateful! (*Pressing Labarre's hand.*)

Lab. (*Taking his hand away.*) That'll do! (*aside.*) Poor soul! to think that that butcher, Barras, will lop off that pretty head of her's with as little compunction as he'd mow down a thistle! (*aloud*) Well, you can stay here for a few minutes longer, while I go and put some nice clean straw in my dungeon. It shan't be my fault if you ain't comfortable. So, good bye, citizen. Au revoir!

[*Exit at prison door, L. H.*]

Pau. A month ago! *only* a month! To me it has seemed a life! Twice only have I been suffered to leave my dungeon—and even then, I have been alone. Had I been permitted even to mingle with my companions in misfortune, a friendly hand might have pressed mine—a word of pity, or of consolation might have reached my ear—but no, alone—ever alone! my fate is unknown—unpitied—uncared for! And yet once I have dared to hope that I am not utterly forsaken. That letter, which reached me in so strange, so mysterious a manner—it spoke of liberty—bade me take courage—to live in hope, till I heard again. I have done so. But now, alas! more than a week has elapsed without another word, and I again despair! (*Goes up.*)

Ninette. (*Without R. H.*) Well, I'm sure! This is a pretty time of night to come upon business! You can't see my uncle—he's busy—so I'll take it to the prisoner, myself.

[*Enter NINETTE, from door of Canteen. R. H.*]

(*Seeing Pauline.*) There she is! I wonder what the young woman can have done, to get herself into prison? She doesn't look like a conspirator, or a Royalist nobleman, in disguise! (*Reading address on parcel.*) "For the Citizer Pauline—Prisoner in the Fortress." What's this in the

corner? "Worsteds for tapestry work." Is that all? I'll give it her at once. Stay, though—uncle Labarre won't allow anything to be delivered to a prisoner, without being first examined—so I'll just——(*About to open parcel.*)—no, I won't—I scorn the action—so I'll put it in my pocket till uncle comes back. I wonder if she'd like a little of my conversation? I'll try. (*aloud.*) Citizen!

Pau. (*Without seeing Ninette.*) Yes—I am ready to return to my dungeon.

Nin. Are you? Well, that's more than I ever heard a prisoner say before. However, I don't happen to be either a jailor or a turnkey. I leave all that sort of work to uncle.

Pau (L.) Your uncle?

Nin. (R.) Yes—Citizen Jean Jacques Labarre—who, on his appointment as head jailor to this important establishment, paid me the compliment of requesting me to do the honours of his new abode—and a pretty abode it is.

Pau. The daily sight of so many of your suffering fellow creatures, most indeed distress you.

Nin. Bless you, I've nothing to with my suffering fellow creatures. This fortress—as perhaps you know—answers the double purpose of a prison and a barrack, and I keep the canteen. (*Pointing.*) Such a time I have of it, too! Artillery, Engineers, Sappers and Miners, Grenadiers, and Men of the Line, all plaguing and worrying me at the same time—and, to make it still more agreeable, the day before yesterday, in came a score or two of conscripts and volunteers, besides a detachment of invalids, from the army of the Republic in Holland. Such melancholy looking objects! not half a dozen out of the lot with the regulation number of arms and legs. And they didn't seem to care about it, either—but talked of the glory of suffering for their country. Glory, indeed! Catch me losing a leg in defence of my country!

Pau. And yet, what woman wouldn't be the wife of a hero?

Nin. Ah, but consider the advantages! Look at the chances in favour of her becoming a widow! Really, citizen, to one with your martial ideas, I should think that tapestry work must be rather an insipid sort of employment.

Pau. It is the only one I have.

Nin. Ah, I used to be a dab at it myself once! There wasn't a girl in the whole school could turn out such poodle dogs and brigands—at least so my old governess, Madame Dumont, used to say.

Pau. (*Starting.*) Madame Dumont!

Nin. Yes—the proprie or of one of the most respectable seminaries for young ladies in all Paris.

Pau. Can it be possible? Then we may have been schoolfellows—we may, perhaps, have shared the same games, the same studies—

Nin. The same bread and butter.

Pau. And now that I look upon those features again—
(Hurriedly seizing Ninette's hand.) Your name—your name?

Nin. Ninette Leblanc!

Pau. Ninette! And have you forgotten your old playmate—your earliest, your best friend?

Nin. (Eagerly looking in Pauline's face, and putting back the hair from her forehead.) Pauline? (Pauline opens her arms—Ninette rushes into them.) Oh, can it be? Yes—yes, it is! Pauline—dear, dear Pauline! (Embracing her again.) Oh, I feel so happy! I mean, I feel so miserable. I don't exactly know how I feel. (Sobbing and laughing.)

Pau. Ah, Ninette, those were happy days—all joy and happiness—no care, no pain—

Nin. Except an occasional rap from Madame Dumont's knuckles. How hard they were, to be sure. But, Pauline—poor dear Pauline—what can you have done to get into this dreadful place? how could you contrive to put your foot in it?

Pau. Ah, Ninette! mine is a sad melancholy story.

Nin. I'm delighted to hear it! I deal upon sad melancholy stories—so begin—I'm all impatience

Pau. Then listen. I am the daughter of a soldier—

Nin. An officer, of course?

Pau. No—a simple private soldier—by name, Pierre Dubois. When my father, now ten years since, received orders to join his regiment, then serving abroad, he placed me under the care of Madame Dumont, to whom, it appears, he was distantly related. How she fulfilled her charge I need not tell you, who, during some portion of the period that I was domesticated with her, were a daily witness of her love for me, her affectionate anxiety, her tenderness—

Nin. (Aside.) Knuckles excepted.

Pau. Ninette, she was my second mother, and how did I repay her love? By cruel, heartless ingratitude!

Nin. I won't believe it!

Pau. Alas, 'tis too true. Shortly after you left the roof of Madame Dumont, the sister of the young Count de Merville was placed under her care. The visits of the

Count to his sister were frequent—almost daily, and as we were rarely apart, I soon discovered a kindness, a tenderness in his manner towards me, that I at first ascribed to gratitude, for the love I bore his sister, but it soon became too marked to be mistaken. Oh, Ninette—

Nin. That'll do—I see it all. Oh, that love—that love! There never was a bit of mischief yet, that that good-for-nothing little rascal wasn't at the bottom of it.

Pau. I could not remain insensible to his passion, and I returned it with all the strength of my young heart's first affection, but my dream of happiness was soon dispelled. The horrors of the revolution had already commenced, and the very night on which I pledged my faith to him I loved, ushered in the fatal 10th. of August. De Merville, a devoted royalist, was one of the faithful few, who, on that fearful day, rallied for the last time round their sovereign, but their efforts were vain—the doom of royalty was sealed, and its brave defenders fell victims to the infuriated rabble. De Merville, by a miracle, escaped, and sought refuge under our roof. I entreated, implored him to fly, while there was yet time, for I knew the bloodhounds would soon be on his track—he refused, unless I consented to accompany him. Oh, the fearful struggle of that moment! I could not see him die, and we fled together.

Nin. Well, it may be a shocking thing to say, but I think the chances are I should have done exactly the same thing.

Pau. Yes, Ninette, I forsook all—I forgot all—even my poor dear father!

Nin. Ah, that was the worst part of the business. Have you had no tidings of him?

Pau. Yes—I learnt that a few months afterwards he returned with his regiment to France, and I also learnt that in the agony of his despair, the blessing he had reserved for his child was turned into a curse! (*Shuddering.*)

Nin. Don't believe it, Pauline—a father can't do it—I defy him! And you did not see him?

Pau. No—for they told me that, weighed down by grief and shame, he again left France, and joined the republican troops in Holland under another name.

Nin. Holland? Then, perhaps, some of the invalids who have just been sent home from the army, will be able to give us tidings of him. I'll enquire.

Pau. Thanks, dear Ninette!

Nin. But now you haven't told me how it happens that you are a prisoner.

Pau. A few words will explain. After our flight from Paris, we remained for some time concealed in the neighbourhood—at length we set out for the frontier, but ere we could reach it, De Merville was recognized, arrested, and condemned to death. I saved his life by giving him liberty at the sacrifice of my own.

Nin. Then if he's anything of a gentleman, he'll lose no time in returning the compliment.

Pau. No, Ninette—I have now lost all hope, and care not how soon death ends my sufferings.

Nin. Death indeed! Nonsense! Friends often spring up when we least expect them, and see, some one has been gallant enough to send you a quantity of skeins of worsted for your tapestry. There—all the colours of the rainbow—look! (*Showing parcel.*)

Pau. Ha! Give it to me. (*Snatching it eagerly from Ninette's hand. Aside.*) 'Twas by this means that letter came to me. Oh, should there be—(*Opening the worsted.*) Yes—a paper! (*Greatly agitated.*)

Nin. Why, what's the matter?

Pau. N-othing. I feared we might be observed—that's all.

Nin. True. I'll just look out if uncle Labarre is coming. (*Exit L. H. D.*)

Pau. (*Hastily runs to door of Canteen, and reads the letter by the light of the lamp. R. H.*) Ah, there are hopes of saving me. (*Reading with difficulty.*) "At midnight an effort will be made to save you—(*She raises her hands in thankfulness.*)—but in order to ensure success, it will be necessary that the sentinel entrusted with the midnight watch should be"—

Re-enter NINETTE, running, L. H. D.

Nin. Uncle's coming!

Pau. (*Hastily concealing letter. Aside.*) What's to be done? I must know the contents of this paper ere I return to my dungeon. (*Looking at Ninette.*) Shall I trust her? No, I dare not. Ah, there is yet a hope. (*aloud.*) Ninette, it had been better that we had not met, for we must now part.

Nin. Don't you be too sure of that. Hush! (*Holding up her finger to Pauline.*)

Enter LABARRE, at L. H. D.

Lab. (L.) Now, citizen, it's time to turn in!

Nin. Well, you needn't speak so savagely to the poor young woman.

Lab. Savagely? I didn't.

Nin. Yes, you did—like a great big bear. You might spare her feelings a little for my sake, seeing that we were schoolfellows. (*Pretending to sob.*)

Lab. Schoolfellows? Well, there—don't cry!

Nin. Ah, uncle Labarre, I wouldn't be such a coward as you are for a trifle.

Lab. A coward! Me?

Nin. Yes. You know very well that if you felt ever so kindly towards a prisoner you wouldn't dare to shew it.

Lab. Wouldn't I!

Nin. No. Though you are head jailor, you're afraid to do as you like. You'd no more dare let that young woman have a little bit of supper with us to-night, than you'd pull citizen Robespierre's nose. (*Pauline goes up a little.*)

Lab. I tell you I would!

Nin. Not you, indeed! You're going to lock her up now because you're obliged to do it, and if I was to say to you, uncle Labarre, I dare you to let her stop out for an hour or two longer, you'd say—

Lab. I'd say, I'll be damned if I won't! And so I will. She shall have a bit of supper with us, and what's more, she shall come back here, and take as many sniffs of the sea breeze as she likes. Now, Madame Ninette, I think you've made yourself look rather ridiculous. Ha, ha!

Nin. (*aside to Pauline.*) I've done it! (*Drum heard without, L. H.*) What's that?

Lab. You ought to know. It's to call the soldiers into barracks, and post the sentries for the night.

Pau. (*aside.*) Ha! (*a number of Soldiers cross the Stage from L. to R.—some on the other side of the iron railings, and go off. 3 E. R. H.—then Pierre Delaroche comes in, U. E. L. looking pale and haggard, and in the uniform of a grenadier of the republican army.*)

Lab. (*at L. H. D.*) Now then—come along! (*Pauline follows, and finds herself face to face with Pierre.*)

Pau. [*With a slight scream*] Merciful heaven! [*Gazing intently on Pierre's face.*]

Pierre. (*astonished.*) What's the young woman staring at? (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Pau. (*Watching him—aside.*) 'Tis he—my father! (*about to rush after him.*)

Lab. (*Impatiently.*) Now then, are you coming, or not?

Pau. Yes, yes! (*aside.*) 'Tis he—'tis he! (*Follows Labarre, keeping her eyes fixed on Pierre—he turns and looks at her. When Pauline has gone out, Pierre seems as if struck with a sudden vague feeling, and is about to follow*

Pauline. but stops, shakes his head, as if d'smissing the feeling that had possessed him, and goes slowly out R. H. Canteen.)

Nin. (Who has been wa'ching Pauline) Well, I never saw a woman stare at one of the opposite sex in such a way as that before! And he's not a remarkably fine specimen, either—nor half so handsome as that young volunteer, Antoine Duval! Before he joined the garrison I only had one sweetheart—that poor little silly, good-tempered fellow, Coco—but now, unless I'm very much mistaken, I've got two strings to my bow. (Loud knocking of glasses on table heard from Canteen, with cries of "Ma'amselle Ninette! Wine! wine! wine!") Coming! coming, directly! Ah, there's no customer like a soldier, after all. Such is the unlimited confidence of his noble nature, that when he calls for wine, and you happen to be out of it, you may safely take him anything else—he swallows it all! (Renewed cries from Canteen.) Coming—coming!

[Runs into Canteen.]

Drum heard. Enter from door 3 E. R. H. the Adjutant, followed by Antoine, Coco, and Soldiers, equipped for duty.

Adj. (L. H.) Fall in, my men! (Soldiers fall into line—the Adjutant looks down line.) Keep the line, third man! (To Coco.)

Coco. (Saluting the Adjutant.) Beg pardon, Lieutenant—but if you'll be good enough to look a little more particularly, you'll observe that I labour under considerable difficulty in keeping the line, as you call it, on account of my protuberance. (Laying his hand on his stomach.)

Soldiers. Ha! ha! ha!

Adj. Silence in the ranks! Now, attention!

Coco. Beg pardon, Lieutenant, but—

Adj. What's the matter now, sir?

Coco. The matter is, Lieutenant, that I wish—humbly, but at the same time energetically—to protest against my being invariably placed between two of the tallest men in the regiment—because, you see, not being naturally endowed with particularly Herculean proportions, it makes me look more insignificant, if possible, than I really am!

Adj. Silence, sir!

Coco. Well, but Lieutenant—

Adj. Silence! (Stamping his foot angrily—Coco, much alarmed, lets the butt end of his musket fall on his foot.) Once more, attention—while I appoint the different watches for the night. (Coco sneezes very loud.) Silence! (Opens

paper and reads.) Number one—the ten o'clock watch on the Western rampart—Philippe Dupont !

Soldier. Here !

Coco. (aside.) If I can only contrive to get the midnight watch, I shall be able to have a little agreeable chat with Mademoiselle Ninette, out of her garret window !

Adj. Number two—eleven o'clock, Jacquot Coco ! (*Coco does not answer.*) Three hours extra drill to-morrow for Jacquot Coco, for being absent.

Coco. (Very quickly.) I'm not absent—that is, physically—mentally, perhaps I was slightly so.

Adj. Indeed ! Then twelve hours solitary confinement for the same individual, for not answering when called.

Coco. But I did answer ! I said 'here !' I distinctly said 'here !' I appeal to my friend, here—didn't you hear my 'here ?' (*Digging the Soldier on his right hand in the side.*)

Adj. Number three—the midnight watch——

Ant. (Taking a step or two forward, and saluting.) If it's allowable, Lieutenant, I've taken a sort of fancy to the midnight watch myself.

Coco. Oh, I dare say, too !

Adj. (To Antoine.) No observations, young man.

Coco. Decidedly not !

Ant. It is but a trifling favour, Lieutenant, after all—and——

Adj. Silence, sir !

Coco. Silence, sir ! (*Antoine returns to the rank.*)

Adj. Number three—the midnight watch on the Eastern rampart—Pierre Delaroche ! (*No answer.*) Where is Pierre ?

Coco. Absent without leave ! So put him down for a slight quantity of extra drill, and a trifle of solitary confinement.

Ant. No, Lieutenant—Pierre has just stepped up to the Commandant, with the surgeon's report of the invalids.

Adj. 'Tis well. Numbers four and five—one and two o'clock—Jerome and Laval !

Two Soldiers. Here !

Adj. Number six—three o'clock—Antoine Duval !

Ant. (aside.) Three o'clock ! 'twill be too late !

Adj. And now, my men, be more than usually vigilant. Remember we have Royalist prisoners here—and Citizen Barras, who arrives to-night, will not thank us if we let one of his victims escape. Remember !

(*Exit R. H.—the Soldiers saluting him. The Soldiers pile their arms U. E. R. H.*)

1st. Sold. (R. To Antoine.) Why how now, Master Volunteer—you seem quite cut up about this midnight watch.

Ant. (C.) It's very foolish of me—but I confess I am annoyed. I wished to have it—particularly.

Coco. (L.) So did I, if you come to that! I'd have given all I have in the world for it—to be sure that isn't much—but a man can only give what he's got, and I don't happen to have anything! But never mind, young man—bear it like a philosopher—like me!

Ant. Pshaw—fool!

Coco. Fool? Did you apply that observation to me, sir?

Ant. Yes—to you, or any man, under the circumstances.

Coco. Oh! if you'd say it to any man—of course it can't be personal!

Soldiers. Here's Pierre!

Enter PIERRE DELAROCHE, R. H.

Well, Pierre? (The Soldiers crowd round him—shaking hands with him.)

Coco. It does a man's heart good to feel his hand in the grasp of a hero (Giving his hand to Pierre.)

Pierre. (L. C.) Thanks, comrades! (Squeezes Coco's hand, who writhes under the operation.) Brave news from Holland, my lads! The Republic has gained another victory.

Soldiers. Huzza—long live the Republic!

Pierre. And to think that I wasn't in the thick of it. It's the first bit of ill luck I've had.

Coco. [aside.] He calls it *ill* luck—when it must be obvious to the meanest capacity that it's quite the reverse. [aloud.] And do you really mean seriously to affirm that you wish you *had* been in the thick of it, as you call it?

Pierre. Of course I do. What an absurd idea!

Coco. Well, it certainly is—absurd to a degree. You don't seem to be aware that if you had been there, your head might have been blown off to a very considerable distance from your body.

Pierre. Ha, ha—that's a trifle to us old soldiers. I've had my head blown off a dozen times!

Coco. Oh, go along! Once or twice you may—but a dozen times—lor!

Pierre. But, comrades, this isn't the only news I've got. Citizen Barras is expected in Marseilles to night, and—[In a lower tone.]—they're putting up the guillotine in the market place now, that everything may be ready for him to begin his precious work to-morrow morning.

Ant. Of course you'll lend him a willing hand, Pierre Delaroche—we all know your love for the proscribed and fallen nobility of France. (With ill concealed bitterness.)

Pierre. (Furiously.) I hate them!

Coco. (Who is standing near him—skips hastily away.) Good gracious! And what cause can you possibly have?

Pierre. What cause? True. Ha, ha, ha! (Laughing bitterly.)

Coco. (*aside*) If that's meant for a laugh, it decidedly is not the real thing.

Pierre. But let this pass. However, let me tell you, young man—(To Antoine.)—that Pierre Delaroche is a soldier, but no butcher. Killing one's enemy on the field of battle is agreeable enough—

Coco. (*aside.*) I should think it must be—especially for the enemy.

Pierre. (c.) But murder in cold blood—

Ant. (*anxiously.* R. C.) And yet, if you were to discover one of our prisoners, man or woman, attempting to escape—

Pierre. I'd send a brace of bullets through that prisoner's body, man or woman—wouldn't you? (To Antoine.)

Ant. Why—yes—of course.

Coco. So would I, if I could only aim straight enough, which I think is slightly doubtful. I remember once shooting forty-seven times, one after the other, at a barn door, ten paces off, and I never hit it once.

Pierre. But tell me—I met the adjutant just now—I suppose, as usual, I've the luck to be on duty to-night?

Ant. Yes, Pierre—yours is number three.

Pierre. Number three? Let me see. That must be the midnight watch, Dreary work enough! (Shrugging his shoulders.)

Ant. Especially for an invalid, like you. The health of a brave veteran ought to be more cared for.

Coco. Decidedly it ought. (To Pierre.) How are you off for flannel?

Ant. I'll tell you what, Pierre—a thought strikes me. I'm young and hearty—suppose we make an exchange? My watch is not till three o'clock, and you can have your nap in comfort before that.

Coco. (Eagerly to Pierre.) Don't think of it, my brave Pierre—my gallant Pierre! And you, young man—(To Antoine.)—would you have the heart to turn out this dilapidated veteran at three o'clock in the morning? the inhospitable hour of three? Fie! fie! Where's your love

of your species, Sir?—where have you got it to, Sir?—No, Pierre, you shall exchange with me. My watch is at eleven—the sweet tranquil hour of eleven, with the sun and moon rising in all their glory, and before the cats come out.

Pierre. Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my word, you're both vastly considerate. But come, come, young gentlemen, you can't deceive an old soldier like me, so out with the truth at once.

Ant. I will—and this is it. You see, Pierre—(Assuming a modest manner.)—the head jailor here—Labarre, I think they call him—has got a niece, and that niece is very pretty——

Coco. Pretty! Lovely! Oh, such long flowing auburn eyes—such beautiful soft blue hair! No, I mean——

Pierre. Pshaw! One at a time.

Ant. Well, although I've only joined the garrison three or four days, I've already taken a fancy to the girl, and I think she's somewhat partial to me.

Coco. No such thing! You're flattering yourself to an extent that's quite lamentable. No, Pierre—Mademoiselle Ninette has distinguished me. I haven't looked at her in this way for nothing. (Winking.) I appeal to you, Pierre. Do you think I could look at any woman in this way for nothing? [Winking at Pierre.]

Ant. Pshaw! In a word, she has promised to let me speak to her at midnight.

Coco. [Faints on Pierre's shoulder.] Where—where?

Ant. At her chamber window, which, as you know, overlooks the Eastern rampart, and I don't see—[Laying his hand on Pierre's shoulder.]—that a man need prove the worse soldier for wiling away a dull hour's duty by a little harmless chat with a pretty girl, eh, Pierre?

Pierre. Not he—or I should have been drummed out of every regiment I ever was in, I always adored the sex.

Coco. I'll be bound you did! [Poking Pierre in the side.]

Pierre. Yes, and the sex adored me. Ha, ha!

Coco. Of course they did. No—that is——[Looking in Pierre's face.] But I dare say you've considerably altered for the worse.

Pierre. And as I was a lover once myself, why I won't stand in the way of your billing and cooing, so give me your hand. [Shaking Antoine's hand.] It's a bargain—the midnight watch is yours.

Ant. Thanks—a thousand thanks! [To Coco.] You see

comrade, I've got the luck of it—but, never mind—"bear it like a philosopher"—ha. ha!

Cooo. Psha! fool! (*Very quickly.*) It isn't personal—I'd say it to any man, under the circumstances!

Enter Corporal, and three Soldiers, 3 E. R. H.

Corporal. Number one!

1st. Sold. Here! [*Takes his musket, and exit with Corporal and Soldiers, U. E. L. H. Then they are seen to re-enter on the other side of the iron railings, and the ceremony of placing the Guard is gone through. The Sentinel begins his march backwards and forwards, remaining some time out of sight of the audience at each turn.*]

Pierre. Now then, comrades, suppose we pay our respects to the canteen? (*To Antoine*) When the midnight watch is called, all you have to do is to take your musket and follow the Corporal—he'll be none the wiser. But, remember—don't let your love making prevent your keeping your eye on the prison yonder.

Ant. Let me alone for that. Besides, I hear there are not many prisoners, and I'm a match for a score of Royalist nobles at any time.

Pierre. Yes—but there's a woman among them.

Ant. (*With affected surprise.*) Indeed!

Pierre. Yes, the Countess. The Countess de Merville, I think they call her. I saw her just now—looking so ill, and woe-begone, poor thing! Labarre tells me she's here for having aided the escape of a condemned noble. Well, if people choose to play at such a game as that, they must take the consequences.

Ant. True—true! And now I'll go and drain a bumper to the health of the pretty Ninette. Come, comrades!

[*Exit into Canteen R. H. The Soldiers follow with their muskets, except Coco.*]

Coco. (*Tapping Pierre on the shoulder.*) I say, Pierre—my dear Pierre—touching this midnight watch—if—I say, if you should alter your mind in my favour—why—I don't mind—as far as five francs go—

Pierre. (*Furiously.*) What—offer money to a soldier!

Coco. Don't put yourself into such a frightful state of excitement—I wasn't going to offer you the money. I meant to owe it you!

Pierre. Get out! (*Threatening Coco, who starts from him, and runs into Canteen, R. H.*) So one more campaign finished—and here I am once more in garrison again! Well, it's no fault of mine that I'm come back. I couldn't do more than I have done to get a friendly bullet through this

old head—but, somehow or other, there wasn't one could hit the mark. Often, during our long and toilsome marches back to France, my comrades have said to me, "Cheer up, Pierre—cheer up—every hour brings us nearer to our homes, our wives, our children!" and I could see that that one thought gave strength to the weak, health to the sick, and patience to the suffering! I *once* felt as they did! Yes—I returned to France after years of absence—I felt neither fatigue, thirst, nor hunger—for *then* I had a home, a wife, a child! And what did I find? My wife dead, and my child—Oh, Pauline—Pauline! (Hiding his face in his hands.) But, pshaw! this is unworthy of me. I have no child—she has abandoned me—disgraced me! Ha—who have we here? (Looking off at door L. H.) Oh—her ladyship, the Countess, again! I'm not fit for such noble company—(Bitterly)—so, Pierre, to the right about face—march! (Retires to back.)

Enter PAULINE, hastily, L. H. D.

Pau. (Seeing Pierre—stops.) He's here—and alone! I must speak with him—and yet, should he recognize me, I could not bear his anger. But, no—he does not, cannot know me. He left me a child. Courage—courage! (To Pierre.) S—ir—sir!

Pierre. (R. Gruffly.) Umph!

Pau. (L.) I—wish—to speak with you.

Pierre. Can't be done, citizen, for two reasons—it's against my orders, and against my inclination.

Pau. And yet—

Pierre Hark ye. If I'm seen talking to a prisoner, a court martial will sentence me to be shot for disobedience of orders—and I don't suppose you'd derive any very particular gratification from that.

Pau. No, no!

Pierre. Then, good night! (Going.)

Pau. Stay—stay, but for one moment! [Pierre still moves on, as if going out, R.] I wish to speak to you of one dear to you.

Pierre. [Stopping suddenly] 'Tis false! There's no one dear to me!

Pau. Oh, think—think again!

Pierre. Think? Ha, ha—I would not think! I would forget, as I have been forgotten

Pau. You--speak of—

Pierre. [Hurriedly.] I speak of her who was once my child—of her whom I loved as a father alone can love—of her, who has well nigh broken this poor old heart!

Pau. Oh, speak not thus !

Pierre. Ha, ha ! Listen, and then say how I should speak otherwise. I left her a child—it cost me many a bitter pang to part from her—but my regiment was ordered abroad, and I went with it. Well, citizen, after nearly ten years absence, I returned to France, and found that she whom I had left an innocent child, had become—the words choke me—my daughter was lost to me !

Pau. No !

Pierre. Yes. She had fled with a villain—yes, a villain ! For what man can be more fitly branded with that name, than he who tempts a woman to her ruin ? He was a noble, too ! Oh, that I knew his name, that I might hunt him through the world ! May the undying curses of a father—

Pau. Hush—in mercy ! It was of her I wished to speak.

Pierre. Of her ? my child ? Pauline ? You knew her, then ? (*Eagerly, and advancing to Pauline.*)

Pau. Hush ! (*Points aside to the Sentinel, who is seen to cross at back*)

Pierre. True—ah ! (*Taking out his pipe and small tin-der box, and beginning to strike a light.*) He won't notice me, so. Now—(*In a low, hurried voice.*)—tell me—what of—you know who I mean—not that I care to know—but—speak, woman ! Don't you see I'm almost mad with impatience ?

Pau. Your child has, indeed, merited your anger.

Pierre. She has—she has—and that's why I never wish to hear of her again—never ! Yet, if you will talk of her, of course I can't prevent you—I needn't listen, you know. Perhaps, if I asked you, you could tell me where she is—not that it matters to me. Why should it ? She has long since forgotten me !

Pau. Forgotten you ? Oh, no ! I have seen her weep at the mention of your name, as if her heart would break !

Pierre. Have you ?

Pau. And, oh, how often—how earnestly have I heard her pray for your forgiveness.

Pierre. Has she ? You're quite sure ? (*He is about to approach Pauline—the Sentinel passes again—he again begins striking a light with great violence—aside.*) My forgiveness ! (*Wipes a tear away.*)

Pau. Ah—a tear ?

Pierre. Was it ? Perhaps it might have been a little one—a very little one. But, mind—don't let her know you have seen me weep

Pau. You forget I am a prisoner.

Pierre. So I do. What a selfish old brute I am, to be sure! Not that my pity will do you much good—for I do pity you, though you are—a noble! like *him* who tempted my poor child to barter her father's love for that of a seducer!

Pau. A seducer! No—on my soul, no! He was her husband.

Pierre. Her husband!

Pau. Yes. 'Tis true she fled—forsook the roof that for ten years had been her home—but the same day that witnessed her flight, beheld Pauline Dubois the wedded wife of the Count de Merville! (*Pierre lifts his eyes upwards, expressive of his joy and gratitude.*) But, alas, her happiness was short lived—her husband was arrested, and condemned to die.

Pierre. Well

Pau. Your daughter enabled him to escape—

Pierre. Bravely done—bravely done!

Pau. But remained a prisoner in his stead!

Pierre. My child—Pauline—in prison! where? where?

Pau. Here!

Pierre. Here! I must see her—I will see her! Lead me to my child—quick, quick!

Pau. (*With a convulsive shriek.*) Father!

Pierre. (*Staggers back, then, with a burst of emotion.*) Pauline! (*He is about to rush to her, when the Sentinel again crosses. Pierre stops.*) My child, my pure, my innocent child, restored to me! Standing there before me, almost within my touch, and I cannot, dare not fold her to my heart, and bless her!

Pau. Bless me? Then I can die happy!

Pierre. Die? you?

Pau. Yes, father; they will not spare the wife of a noble.

Pierre. But they shall—(*A deep bell is here heard to toll quickly, in the distance, and confused sounds, mingled with acclamations, are heard.*)

Pau. Hark! (*Pierre rushes to the back, and looks off eagerly at L. H. Noise increases, and shouts of "Long live Citizen Barras!" "Down with the Royalists!" "Death to the traitors!" accompanied by the Revolutionary air "Caira!"*) Father, what mean those shouts?

Pierre. (*Turning—pale with alarm and agitation.*) Nothing, Pauline—nothing. (*aside*) Barras has arrived, and the wolves are already howling for their prey. There's not

a moment to be lost! (Rushing down.) Pauline, my child, you must be saved—but how, how?

Pau. Father, there is hope for me—(Looking around her, and speaking in a low tone.)

Pierre. Ha!

Pau. An unknown friend—doubtless sent by my husband, who is now in England—will make an attempt to rescue me this very night!

Pierre. Heaven bless him

Pau. But, in order to enable him to accomplish this with certainty, the Sentinel on duty at that hour must be gained.

Pierre. 'Tis impossible. Yet, stay—what is the hour?

Pau. Twelve!

Pierre. The midnight watch! 'Tis mine—mine! Pauline, my child, is saved—saved! Ha, ha, ha! (Laughing—he suddenly stops. Aside.) Ah, what have I done? I've consigned it to another. But he shall give it back to me. He shall, if I have his life!

Labarre. (Without, L. H. D.) Now, Citizen Pauline, your time's up.

Pau. You hear, father!

Pierre. I do. One moment—(Taking a rapid and anxious look around.) Now, Pauline, quick—here to my heart! (Pauline rushes to his arms. He fervently embraces her again and again.) Now, go; be of good cheer. Midnight will soon be here. I will not fail you. I'll be punctual, and you shall escape. Farewell! Stay—when you are saved—and you shall be saved—it may be some time before we meet again—(Affected—aside) She little thinks they'll shoot me, like a dog. Let them! I shall have saved my child! (aloud.) I say, it may be long before we meet again, so leave me something—I care not what—that handkerchief—drop it on the ground—Pauline drops the handkerchief.) Thanks, my child—now, farewell! (Pauline goes out L. H. D. Pierre watches her for some time—then, picking up the handkerchief, kisses it, and places it in his bosom. Suddenly recovering himself.) Now then to business. (Hurries to door of Canteen, R. H. and calls in a loud voice.) Antoine Daval!

Enter ANTOINE, hastily, R. H.

(Not observing his entrance.) What shall I say? How shall I begin? I'm so little used to breaking my word, that I shall be puzzled to know how to set about it!

Ant. (L. Laying his hand on Pierre's shoulder.) Well, Pierre, what now?

Pierre. (R.) Eh? (Starting—then recovering himself.)

Why, hark ye, Antoine. When you proposed to me just now to take this midnight watch off my hands, what did I say?

Ant. Why, like a sensible fellow you said yes.

Pierre. Did I? Well, then, I somehow made a bit of a mistake, for I meant to say no.

Ant. (*Starting.*) Pierre, this is rather too serious an affair to trifle upon.

Pierre. The very thing I've been saying to myself ever since. A soldier's duty is too serious an affair to trifle upon with, and so, Antoine, as we both agree upon the matter, why our bargain's at an end—in other words, the midnight watch is mine again.

Ant. (*Aside.*) Distraction! (*aloud.*) Your reason for this strange caprice?

Pierre. A very simple one. I was chosen for the duty, and that duty I will perform. Now what have you to say to that?

Ant. This—that I'll not tamely submit to be made the laughing stock of my comrades. The midnight watch was mine—mine, by your own free gift, and—

Pierre. Quite true, Antoine—it was yours, but now it's mine—mine. You hear!

Ant. Then you have violated your word. Yes, Pierre Delaroche, you have forfeited all claim to the title of a true soldier and an honest man.

Pierre. Antoine, have a care! (*Grasping the handle of his sword*)

Ant. (*Smiling disdainfully.*) Your sword seems somewhat ashamed to come forth—no wonder. It once belonged to a man of honour—it may well blush for its new master.

Pierre. Damnation! Follow me! (*Rushing out—suddenly stops. Aside.*) And Pauline—my child! Should I fall? No, no—it mustn't be—I must gulp it down.

Ant. How, sir—has your courage deserted with your honesty?

Pierre. (*Making a violent effort to swallow his rage—almost choking.*) It's gone! I thought 'twould choke me, but I've done it. (*Quietly seating himself on the bench, and taking out his pipe.*) You see, young man, this is the way I look at it. (*Taking tinder and steel, and striking a light.*) If I fight with you as to which of us is to do the duty of this midnight watch, and you happen to run your sword through my body, I not only lose my duty, but my life into the bargain—that's why, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather perform my duty first, and fight you afterwards.

Ant. It shall not be!

Pierre. Oh, very well—I'll leave you to settle that with the corporal of the watch. (*Rises.*) All I know is, that when he calls out number three, I shall call out "Here!" (*Crosses to R.*)

Ant. Confusion!

Pierre. Ha, ha, ha! You didn't think of that. Well, adieu, comrade—and as to our little affair, if you should happen to get up to-morrow morning with as strong an appetite for cold steel as you've got now, I'm your man. You understand? (*Touching the hilt of his sword.*) So farewell. (*aside.*) Now, Pauline, the sentinel is gained, and you are saved! (*Going out, stops, turns, and looks at Antoine, shrugs his shoulders and goes out humming a tune, R.*)

Ant. What is to be done? The midnight watch must be mine at any sacrifice. Perhaps the sleeping draught I procured may be turned to some account. (*Throws himself on the bench.*)

Loud laughter heard without. R. H. Enter Coco, from Canteen, followed by Soldiers.

Coco. (*Slightly tipsy.*) Well, I confess I don't see anything to laugh at. Why should I not become Commander-in-chief, or Lord High Admiral, or Lord High Chancellor, or Lord High anything else that I think proper? What is it that raises a man above his fellows? It's mind—(*Touching his head.*)—not matter. (*Hitting his stomach.*) I'll just ask Antoine's opinion. (*To Antoine.*) Will you oblige me by—Holloa! what's the matter with you? You convey to me the notion of a man who has eaten something that doesn't sit comfortably on his stomach. Just now you were in tip top spirits—I might say, the very tip toppest spirits, and now you are what we call decidedly "tout au contraire!"

Ant. (*c.*) And well I may be. I've been unfairly treated—ill used!

Coco. (*L.*) Good gracious! Nobody's been thumping you?

Ant. Pshaw! Pierre Delaroche has broken faith with me. You all heard his promise?

Soldiers. We did!

Coco. Then you're not to have the midnight watch after all?

Ant. No—nor you either. He takes the post himself.

Coco. Then, at any rate, we shan't be able to laugh at one another.

nt. True, But we may yet be able to turn the laugh

upon him, just to teach him to know his own mind a little better for the future. What say you, comrades—have you a mind to help me?

Soldiers. Aye, aye!

Ant. Then harkye. I propose to ply our friend Pierre with just as much wine as will enable him to mount guard under the table.

Soldiers. Ha, ha! Capital!

Coco. Delicious! We'll intoxicate him to a frightful degree!

Ant. That once accomplished, why Coco and I can then draw lots for the midnight watch.

Coco. If it's the same to you, I'd rather toss up—it's more distingué.

Ant. As you please, comrade. And now, having settled our plan of the campaign, it's time to look after the enemy. Where's Pierre?

Coco. I'll find him. I'll draw him into the ambuscade. Oh, how we will laugh at him. Ha, ha, ha! (*Trying to steady himself as he goes off into canteen, R. H.*)

Ant. Now, house, there! Wine—wine!

Soldiers. Wine—wine—wine!

Enter Ninette, from Canteen, R. H.

Nin. What is it—what is it?

Ant. A dozen of your best wine, a table to set it on, and cups to drink it in. (*Putting his arm round her waist.*)

Nin. I'm surprised at you, sir!—(*aside to him.*)—before company. (*aloud.*) Perhaps some one will be gallant enough to assist me. (*Soldiers rush to her.*) I don't want the whole regiment. Come, Antoine. (*Antoine and another Soldier follow Ninette, and re-enter with a table covered with bottles and drinking cups.*)

Coco. (*Without, R.*) Now come along! (*Enters, pulling in Pierre, who seems unwilling.*)

Pierre. I don't wish to be unsociable, but—

Soldiers. Sit down, Pierre! Come—[*Soldiers seat themselves.*]

Pierre. [*aside.*] I needn't drink with them if I do sit down. No, no, Pauline—I'll not be tempted! [*aloud.*] Well, I don't mind—[*Sees that he is about to seat himself next to Antoine—moves away, as if going to another seat.*]

Ant. [*Rising, and laying his hand on his arm.*] Pierre, though we have had a few words, we needn't be enemies.

Pierre. Umph!

Ant. I spoke hastily—I did you wrong, and I ask your pardon. [*Holding out his hand.*] Forgive me

Pierre. With all my heart, Antoine. There! (*Putting his hand in that of Antoine.*)

Coco. [Standing between them, and pressing their joined hands.] Bless you!

Ant. Come, Pierre—a cup of wine to our reconciliation.

Pierre. [*Irresolutely.*] No, no!

Ant. Then I shall believe you're angry with me still.

Pierre. Well, then, just one.

Coco. Perhaps you'll allow me to join you?

Soldiers. All—all!

Ant. Yes, yes—bumpers all round! [*Pierre and Antoine drink, hand in hand—all join and hurrah.*] Now fill again, boys!" [*all fill.*] Here's "Long life to the Republic!" [*all drink and hurrah.*] Come, Pierre.

Coco. Perhaps he didn't hear the sentiment. Permit me to repeat the sentiment. [*Fills.*] Here's "Long life to the public!" [*Drinks.*] Hoo-rah! [*about to fill Pierre's glass.*]

Pierre. [*Laying his hand on the top of his glass.*] No more.

Coco. Excuse me, but—

Pierre. [*Fiercely.*] No more!

Coco. [*Starting.*] Good gracious—don't! You've made me feel quite faint. [*Fills and drinks again.*]

Pierre. Hark ye, comrades. If I drink with you it must be in liquor of my own choosing.

Soldiers. Certainly—certainly!

Pierre. Then, Mademoiselle Ninette, a jug of cold water. [*Exit Ninette.*]

Coco. And draw it as strong as you can. [*Aside to Antoine.*] What's the use of your letting him drink cold water? He may drain the pump dry—it'll never get into his head.

Ant. [*aside.*] Leave that to me. [*He rises and meets Ninette, who re enters with a jug of water. As Antoine passes behind the table, he hastily takes a small phial, or paper, from his pocket, and pours it into the jug, which must be distinctly visible to the audience.*] There, comrade. [*Placing jug before Pierre. Aside.*] We've no objection to his drinking it in water. It isn't the spirit a man drinks it in, but the spirit he drinks it with.

Pierre. Thanks! Now, lads, have with you! [*Filling his cup.*] Here's "Long life to our glorious Republic!" [*Drinks it off.*]

Coco. (*Watching Pierre in stupid amazement—then taking the cup which Pierre puts down, looks into it, and turns it upside down. Aside.*) He's a great creature!

Ant. Now fill again. Here's "to our pretty hostess!"

Coco. (Starting up, and nearly tumbling down.) Our lovely hostess—our exquisite hostess! (Singing.) "Gentle Ninett-a!" (Seeing Pierre filling his glass, seizes his hand.) Don't! If you drink so much water you'll poison yourself. (Pierre and the rest join in drinking Ninette's health, who curtsseys repeatedly to them all.)

Coco. (Standing up, and holding on by the table.) Suppose we have a song?

All. Aye—aye—aye!

Coco. (Bowing round.) I'm sure I feel flattered beyond measure. Ahem! (Runs partly up the gamut.)

"Oh, lovely Isabel la!"

I beg pardon—I mean, Ninet-ta. I forget the rest. (Sitting down again.)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Pierre. (a little affected by the drugged water.) Ha, ha! Moisten your throat, my lad! Come, push the bottle about! Ha, ha! More water! (Drinking)

Ant. (aside.) So, so—it begins to take effect. (aloud.) Mademoiselle Ninette, will you sing us our old favourite?

Nin. With all my heart!

SONG.—[Introduced.] "Rataplan plaç."

Nin. (after song.) Now, gentlemen, it's getting very late, so I wish you all a very good night. (Exit R. H.)

Pierre. (Who has shown increased signs of drowsiness, &c., starts.) Getting very late? True, true—it must be—but not midnight yet—no, no! Come, Pierre, rouse thyself. Why, how now—what's the matter with me? (Putting his hand to his head.) My head swims, and I feel so drowsy. (Antoine points to him, and rises softly from the table—the Soldiers do the same.) Pshaw! it only requires an effort. (Rises—then sinks down in his chair again.) Here, here—(Holding out his cup.)—some water. [Drops the cup on the ground.] I'm better now. I thought the—water—would refresh me. Pauline, my child—I'm coming—I'm — [Falls forward on the table. Here the prison clock is heard to strike twelve—Antoine points to Pierre, and smiles triumphantly]

Enter Corporal, and two Soldiers, R. H.

Corporal. Number three—the midnight watch!

Ant. Here! [Taking musket.]

Corporal. March!

Ant. (aside.) 'Tis mine! 'tis mine! (Exit with Corporal, U. E. L. H.) All the Soldiers follow, except Pierre Delaroche and Coco—Coco is lying forward on the table, opposite to Pierre.)

Coco. (*Stinging.*) "Gentle Ninet—ta!" (*Raising his head.*) Holloa! the company gone? No—there's one gentleman left. (*Laying his hand over the table on Pierre's head.*) Sir—sir—will you oblige me with your private opinion as to the state of things in general? She sleeps! wake up, my love! Ninet—ta! Well, I can take a hint, Ma'amself—I'm going—(*Staggering towards the side.*)—steady! "Gentle Ninet—ta!" (*Goes out L. H.*)

Pierre. (*asleep.*) Yes, Pauline, I am here, my child! Hush—be cautious how you step on the old stone work—now—drop into my arms—I have thee—now, quick—through yonder archway—the door is open—one—one last embrace! Now, away! She's saved—she's saved! (*Waking, and looking in a confused manner around him.*) What's this? Where am I? What do I here, when I should be—where—where should I be? (*Endeavouring to remember.*) I know there's something to be done—but what—what is it? Wild dreams seem to chase each other through my brain—yet I can remember nothing—nothing! (*Hides his face in his hands.*) Ha—(*Suddenly starting up.*)—yes, now—now I remember all! Pauline—my child—to be saved—by me—at midnight! Yes, yes! Well, I'm ready—besides, there's time enough—there's—Ha! merciful heaven—should I have slept—(*Noise of voices—a shot is heard.*) Ha! (*Staggering back against the table.*) Loud cries of "Follow—follow!" &c. heard.)

LABARRE hastily rushes on, L. H. as if about to cross the
Scene at back.

Stay, Labarre—how long is it to midnight?

Lab. Pshaw! midnight has long since past.

Pierre. Past! No, no—impossible! And yet—tell me what has happened—that shot—

Lab. Was fired at a female prisoner, who attempted to escape.

Pierre. (*With a scream of agony.*) My child—they've killed my child! No, not they—'tis I—I have murdered her! (*Falls on the bench.*)

The Adjutant comes on, followed by Soldiers, in haste and confusion, R. H.

Adj. Ring the alarm bell! Follow, one and all—she cannot escape us. Antoine swears his bullet struck her.

Pierre. Struck her? Who?

Adj. The Countess de Merville! Come, quick—quick! (*Runs out, followed by the Soldiers, U. E. L. H. Antoine at the same moment enters from opposite side—pale, and his dress in disorder.*)

Pierre. (Seeing Antoine, rushes to him, seizes him by the throat, and drags him forward.) Villain! traitor! murderer!

Ant. Murderer?

Pierre. Aye—but I'll have blood for blood! (Seizing his musket.) You have murdered my child!

Ant. Your child? The Countess de Merville—

Pierre. Aye, Pauline Dubois—she was my daughter.

Ant. (Laying his hand on Pierre's arm.) Hush—(In a loud whisper.)—she was my wife!

Pierre. Your wife? Then you are—

Ant. The Count de Merville! (Pierre drops the musket.)

Pierre. (Eagerly.) But that shot—that shot—

Ant. Did not harm her, my good Dubois. It was the signal agreed upon to inform my friends without that she had left this place of horrors. A ship is now riding in the bay, ready to bear her away to England. One gun from the vessel will announce that my signal has been understood—a second, that the ship's boat is making her way to the shore—the third, that she is saved. (A distant gun is heard,)

Pierre & Ant. (Grasping each other's hands. One! (After a short pause a second is fired.))

Pierre. Saved—saved!

Ant. Not yet. The third—the third—

Pierre. (In a loud whisper.) True—true—(A pause, in which their anxiety is manifest.) We must be patient—I'm patient! Keep still, old heart! (Beating his breast.) I can hear nothing for your beating against my ribs. They must have reached the shore—we shall soon hear the—(Listening—a long pause. Oh, God—this is agony!

Ant. Hush! what noise is that? (Distant murmuring of voices and shouting heard, gradually increasing. Antoine goes to back, and looks off.) Merciful heaven!

Pierre. Speak—no, don't—I've no strength to hear it! (Sinks on the bench, with his head on the table.)

Ant. Lost! lost! The bloodhounds are firing into the boat! Hark! [Musket shots heard] She sinks—and Pauline with it! No, no—she gains the shore, and flies! Cowards—devils—fear—they'll kill her!

Pierre. [Starting suddenly.] Kill her! and I here? [Seizing up the musket, and is rushing off, struggling with Antoine, who detains him. The cries without redouble in loudness and ferocity. A piercing scream is heard, and Pauline rushes on from L. H. D. her hair and dress disor-

dered, followed by several of the Revolutionary Rabble—
while at the same time a number of them rush on at the back,
and begin to scale the iron railings—Pauline staggers and
falls into Pierre's arms, who, with Antoine, protect her with
their bodies from the weapons of the Mob. Drums beat
without—Coco rushes in with paper in one hand, and a very
long sword at his side, followed by Adjutant and Soldiers.]

Coco. (*Shewing himself in a melo dramatic positon be-*
tween Pauline, &c. and the Mob, flourishing paper.) Hold!
 I say it again, and emphatically, hold! The Convention
 is floored and so is Robespierre The Convention has lost
 its head, and so has Robespierre—and if you don't want to
 lose your heads, you'd better stand back, or with this self-
 same weapon, which I now draw—never mind—consider
 it drawn!

Lab. Then I may open my prison doors?

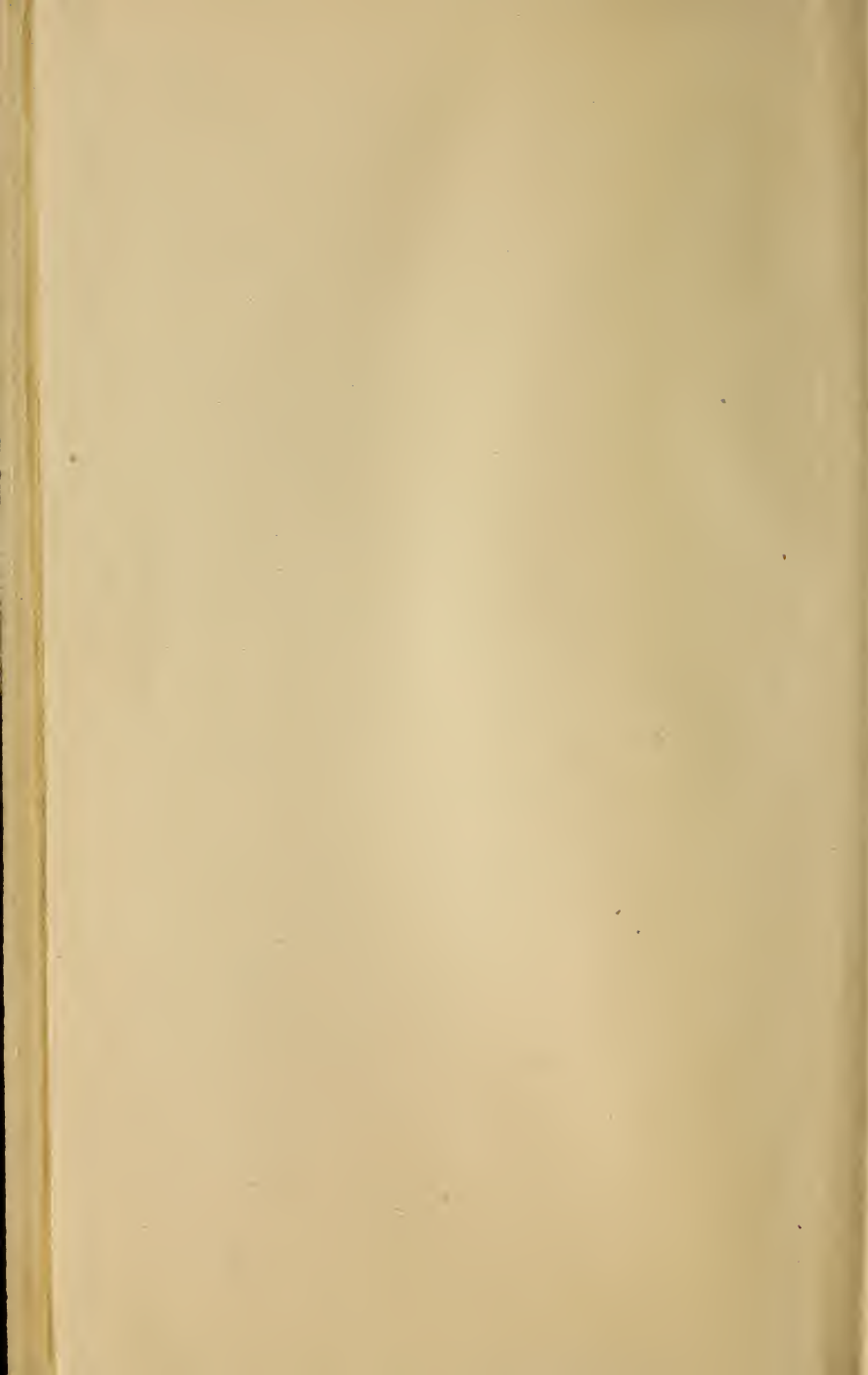
Coco. Yes, and in my name, and that of France, pro-
 claim liberty to your prisoners?

Pierre. Saved! saved! [*Places Pauline in Antoine's*
arms, and, with uplifted hands, blesses them, as the Curtain
falls to slow music.]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

	Soldiers.		Mob.		Soldiers.
Adjutant.	Coco.	Pauline.	Pierre.	Antoine.	Labarre.
R.			C,		L.

G. H. Wyatt
104 Howard Street
Boston



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2009

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